National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

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VOLUME X.---NO. 15.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1849.

WHOLE NUMBER 483.

National Anti-Slavery Standard,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY,
At 142 Nassau St. New-York.
TERMS.---Two Dollars per annum.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed S. H. Gay, New York

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Treasurer, 41 Boston; or S. H. Gay, New-York.

C. Noggin, Printer.

Selections.

From The (Brooklyn, N. Y.) Daily Freeman.

Opposition to Slavery as a test of Democracy.

Democracy be a word signifying the opposite of agency—if to believe the sovereignty of that form of government which entrusts power with the people, or many, instead of the select, or few, is to be a democrat, then we know not how a man can be otherwise than a man who opposes that form in which the "many" govern, and is in favour of that by which the few govern, is not a Democrat within the true meaning of the term. If this be so, how can those measures approved of by the Democrats may be approved of by those who are not. But still he does not make use of the word democrat in the sense of it at all in the Democracy of South Carolina, although her statesmen often uphold the true democratic doctrines on certain points. Her Constitution is exactly that of the opposite principle to ever the many leaving out the coloured population.

What then is Democracy? It is faith in the power of man for self-government, carried into practice. Emphasize *man*. I include the whole human family.

Restraints it may be necessary temporarily to place on certain portions of the community, owing to circumstances. But I speak of the principle. It ought to be the earnest wish and desire, and is of every true Democrat, that no soon as circumstances would permit, all restraints should be removed. This does not involve any rabid notions of equality applied to those in a state of degradation, but, would be a curse instead of a blessing—it simply it is declaratory of the belief.

Now how can a man be a really true Democrat who did not rejoice by any lawful means the extension of a system which strikes at the very root of his faith? Slavery is diametrically opposed to it; and northern Democrats should rejoice that we do not live in that state of society, which in its inception to the whole idea on which our government is founded, (that is freedom and equality,) and which hinders the wealth and the light of the citizens of one of the States of this confederation a continued ing lie.

Sentiments of what we owe to the agreement we might make with the South, in regard to the subject of Slavery when confirmed to them. We therefore have no right to intefere, further than by honorable appeals to themselves. This bargain of agreement was entered into in the way of its being or duty thus to intefere. those do a great injustice a large majority of the people of the Northern States, and we cannot but believe a majority even of the domestic relations of the South with the master who do not like them indeed, but whose sense of legations due to the faithful performance of a compact we might safely trust to operate on their part.

Such a state of society as there exists—I e. of masters and slaves, where a small portion of mankind buy, sell, and govern, without the consent of the governed, a large portion of mankind—is adverse to the true rule of Democracy. For that, we said before, carries on its face, the idea of the *many* governing, and in any one state under the appellation of Democracy. By no other than the light of the hypocrite, who brings into disgrace true religion, joining in its forms and worship the better to accomplish the unrighteous end. A warm, then hypocritical double faced ones, who profess Democracy lustily in your mouths, and sympathise loudly with suffering Frenchmen, Irishmen, Poles, Hungarians, and the mankind, *et a dolasco*, but when it becomes a question whether Liberty or Slavery shall be se fundamental law over a territory larger than the original United States, and it is left for you to say on its agency, you shrink from it, afraid, and cow on before the lash of the sharp drivers of the South, with whose pecuniary interests freedom conflicts. Such are claims to Democracy.

From the Portland Transcript.

Progress or Reform.

—True reform is not violence in the sense of a mob, but it does not startle a sleeping world by the sudden belching forth of fiery torrents of Innovation, or the up-heaving of all foundations. Neither like the little rivulet which works forth from its narrow source and the hidden recesses of far-away mountains, and glides along, noiselessly at first, but as its course becomes obstructed, it works in its channel, gathering strength from all its tributaries, and also fearlessly on, until it forms a part of the great sea of life. And as the sources of many streams are often forgotten or unknown, so the origin and influences of most reformers are slighted and traduced by the world.

Illustrations of the truth of this proposition, are to be found in the world's history, but in the day in which our own lot is our own land, which to our mind is a very striking.

Just now the world is all agog at the enormity of Slavery. Indignation meetings of various races all over the land, and strong arms and stout hearts are unanimously at work to destroy the monster, or at least to lay his further progress. A great conflict is in operation. The voice of Slavery rumbles and groans and dashes its dark waves heavily under the strong gale of popular indignation. The partitying bands has fully be-un. To one who views the matter in the light of the experience of human nature, it is an interesting question whence emanate this commotion? Where and when did the work begin? Who first aroused the sleeping sense of justice of the nation, and directed the sympathies of the popular heart to the sufferings of the blacks?

Doubtless since the earliest times, and in nearly all countries there have been the elements of the wrung indignation. But it took not bodily form and cried out boldly for our justice until some eighteen or twenty years ago. Then was heard the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and saying, Repent ye. Repent! Then Garrison girded up his loins and went forth to battle with a nation, a nation proud of its moral position and righteous in its own estimation. That he was denounced, imprisoned, stoned, and nearly murdered, the world knows; and the world knows, too, how impotent were those acts. The truth had been spoken—the truth—and, as the truth ever will, it found its way to the hearts of the people. In vain did "gentlemen of property and standing" sneer and fight, in vain did ecclesiastics threaten, in vain did politicians spout about patriotism, and trouble for the safety of the "dear people;" and in vain did religionists and priests lift up their hands in holy horror and exclaim, "Heresy!" The people were aroused, inspired, imbued, and

the great planters hold from one hundred to twenty hundred slaves.

A letter from the parish of Ascension, Louisiana, giving an account of the ravages of the cholera, lately published in the newspapers, says:—"Mr. Trist lost 20 negroes, Kenner 51, Delle 40, Minor 60, Col. Bibb has lost 74, Bishop Polk 64." But let us apply even the Kentucky ratio, obviously too small, to the whole state of Louisiana, and the result is astounding. The whole number of slaves, men, women and children, were by the last census, 2,487,711. This number divided by 22 gives 113,077 as the total of deaths by the cholera in the United States. Beyond all question, even this is an exaggerated estimate.

We are now qualified to judge of the accuracy of the estimates, made by the slaveholders themselves, of their numbers.

Mr. Horace Mann, in a speech, 30th June, 1848, in the House of Representatives, observed, "I have seen the number of actual slaveholders variously estimated, but the highest estimate I have ever seen, is *three hundred thousand*." He was here interrupted by Mr. Gayle of Alabama, one of the gentlemen from the Mississippi valley, who has been informed that the number of slaveholders is only three hundred thousand, then Mr. Gayle replied, "*not quite so high as that*." But I will tell him, his information is not *correct*. Mr. Mann—"Will the gentleman tell me how many there are?" Mr. Gayle—"Ten times as many." Ten times three hundred thousand being three millions, we have, according to the gentleman from Alabama, more slaveholders in the country than slaves. Mr. Mead, of Virginia, seeing the awkward position in which Mr. Gayle had placed himself, came to his relief by remarking, "When father or mother owned slaves, they were considered *joint property of the family*, and thus multiplying the proprietors and the slaves, there are three millions interested in slave property." This was it attempted to neutralise one assertion by another. Allowing, as an average, five persons to a family, the slaveholders, their wives and children, cannot, in the aggregate, exceed six hundred thousand, nor the slaveholding voters one hundred thousand!

This small, but powerful aristocracy, wield the political authority of the States in which they reside, and this they do, not only by their wealth and superior education, but by making the masses believe that by protecting and perpetuating Slavery, they are promoting the general good. According to Mr. Underwood, there is in Kentucky a majority of 130,867 *non-slaveholding voters*, yet at the recent election, most of these men were wheedled and threatened into perpetuating the "patriarchal institution" in that State.

It is obvious that the power of the masters rests wholly upon the ignorance and subserviency of the non-slaveholders. Hence the wrath and trepidation manifested by the slaveholders, whenever an attempt is made to enlighten the poor humble wretches who are influenced, not only by their counsels, but by their example. Some years since, the New Orleans papers announced that 500 copies of an address to the non-slaveholders had been received in the post-office in Liberty, Miss. The mere sound of being delivered to the persons to whom they were addressed, they were SURE! Mr. Barrett has recently been sent to ——— Jail, Louisiana, and put in prison. His sole offence, the only one of which he is accused, is that of having deposited in the post-office sealed papers, addressed to certain white citizens, containing a printed tract written by a native citizen of the State, and virtually addressed to the *non-slaveholders of South Carolina*. The tract proposes no violation of the State constitution, which, it contends, were contrived to give a political preponderance to the owners of slaves. It shows that the representation in the several counties in the legislature is apportioned according to the *slave*, and not to the whole population.

Thus it appears from the tables given, that the two plantation districts of Georgetown and Beaufort, containing 7,743 whites and 46,073 slaves, have, together, 6 Senators and 10 Representatives, while the district of Spartanburg, having 17,924 whites, and only 5,087 slaves, has but one Senator and 3 Representatives in this manner is taken to give to the slaveholders a political preponderance, than to the many non-slaveholders. So far is this system carried, that less than *one-third* of the free white population of the State, is a majority of the *non-slaveholders* of South Carolina. The tract shows that the property qualification for a seat in the legislature is virtually an exclusion of one-half the whites, and that the lower house, unless he possesses real estate worth $700 clear of debts, or 50 acres of land and TEN NEGROES! To be a senator requires double the amount of real estate. The legislature being thus secured to the slaveholders, that body appoints the whole judiciary, including Justices of the Peace, and the Presidential electors, and to perpetuate this monopoly of slaveholding power, no alteration can be made in the constitution but with the assent of two-thirds of two successive legislatures. The author proposes a voluntary convention to form a new constitution to be submitted to the legislature. Not a word is said against Slavery as such, or criminal: but the whole tract is filled with poor whites was pointed out, and its *extensive* to the new territories, to which poor whites are flocking, deprecated. Yet for merely inserting in the post-office this tract, under blank covers, is Mr. Barrett treated as a felon, denounced as an "incendiary Abolitionist," and as we learn from a Carolina journal of late date, "for months imprisoned in one of those abodes of misery, the New Orleans calaboose." Nay, we are assured "there is more than a possibility that Mr. Barrett may be indicted for an attempt to excite the slaves to insurrection, without benefit of clergy, and assuredly, if convicted, all the Abolitionists in the United States cannot save him."

We see in these efforts of the slaveholders to keep their indigent fellow-citizens in ignorance of the wrongs they suffer, and of the rights to which they are entitled, a determination to punish whoever would enlighten them: a despotism as jealous and as heartless as any known in the Old World.

Our fathers, when there were now threatening 20,000,000 of people with rebellion and civil war, if forbidden to establish, over vast regions of the American continent, now free, the system of Slave-working, had the manliness to denounce like that with which South Carolina is cursed. To their insolent and iniquitous demand the Virginia Convention responded, "Gentlemen, the people of Virginia will defend their freedom, without benefit of clergy, and assuredly, if convicted, all the Abolitionists in the United States cannot save them."

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When we read of the princes of Dahomey or Caboon entering the villages of their neighbours, burning their houses and carrying off their people to be sold into perpetual Slavery, none can be found bero so stolid or so politic as not to shiver with horror at the tale, but when it is proposed to open a new market for property thus acquired in a new territory which we found free, and by force of arms have subjected to our rule, we find even in the State of New York a party unwilling to contest the question upon the subject by which, as a party, they will be bound, lest they peril thereby their political fortunes. It is a saddening reflection, that in the free States, and such as possess principles which are enjoyed under American institutions, there should be so little difference, morally, between Gaboonian and Hungarian, between the leaders in Dahomey and the leaders at Rome.

From the Knoxville (Tenn.) Register.

A DESPERATE SCRAPE.—Some years since a gentleman residing in Anderson county in this State, sold a negro man to a citizen of Middle Tennessee. The negro was conveyed to the home of his new master, but in a short time ran away and returned to Anderson county, and secreted himself for a year or two in the *neighborhood of his former master*. He was finally discovered and apprehended, and again absconded. This was six or seven years since. A large reward was offered for his apprehension. Diligent search was for a long time made, but no traces of him being discovered, his running away had passed entirely out of the minds of all but his owner. A few days since, however, he was residing in Anderson county, by the names of Diggs and Low, were out with their rifles hunting game. Being fatigued and tired, for this purpose of refreshing themselves, they concluded to go to a fine spring not far off. This they did, and up to the cabin, where there were several white women living. Diggs took his seat upon a bed, while his companion, Low, remained in the yard. One of the women was in the cabin, and as soon as Diggs entered, she commenced a sprightly conversation with him, during which she approached the bedside and he fell on the floor a huge butcher knife, at which, as soon as it struck the floor, the head of a negro caught from under the bed. Diggs suspicion being thus awakened, he, with great presence of mind, kicked the knife beyond the reach of the hand, and instantly a huge negro sprang out, drew up an axe with both hands, and was swinging it over so as to cleave the skull of Diggs, when fortunately the force of the blow was so far checked by the axe striking the "left," that all the injury Diggs sustained was a scalp wound in the forehead of four or five inches in length. Diggs cocked his gun, presented it at the negro and fired; but the negro observed the preparation, and sprang aside in his turn, and the whistle of the axe before it, so that the bullet must necessarily strike it, as it did. Diggs sprang up, clubbed his gun and grappled, but did not succeed in throwing him until the negro had struck the same deep wound he had been so long "in the woods." The negro was removed to the Clinton jail, where he is now confined for trial for the assault upon Diggs' life, the punishment for which, if he be convicted, is death; though we learn there is no probability that he will recover.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1849.

Passports,—Who are Citizens?

If the Administration at Washington has had any doubts as to what sort of support it would receive from the Whig press of the North, in any position it might see fit to assume in relation to the Slavery question, it must be completely at ease by this time, and assured that the *Boston Atlas*, the *Albany Journal*, the *New York Tribune*, and others of a like character, are quite of the easiest sort of virtue, and only waited to be asked to be conquered, though they still try to enhance the value of their favours by protestations of innocence, and denunciations of guilt. Mr. Clayton had only to publish for doing a wrong, and he had done it, before him, and the excuse is entirely satisfactory to the Northern editors, to whom he looks for support, some of them even striving to prove that the Secretary is not only right in the particular case of oppression which he has been called upon to commit, but that they have always held the same creed to justify him in anything else of the same sort he may please to perpetrate. The *Tribune*, which wishes that the British Government had *only* sent John Mitchell here that we might show her how we would receive *her* criminals, is satisfied that if Mr. Clayton has been wrongly in refusing Passports to coloured people, he is right by precedent, and that for that the blame should not rest upon him, but upon his Loco-foco predecessors—as if, if the precedent is good for anything, former Whig Secretaries were not as responsible as those of the other party for it. The *Albany Journal*, the *New York Tribune*, and others of

...cide, then, by informing you that I can find no ...ord of crediting "your request; and if, now that I have stated above, you think that it is your ...uty to send me your demands, you must excuse ...e if I remain unmoved, which, no doubt, will know how to give ...ourself any uneasiness on your account. May watch ...ver you many years.

...VATA, August 2, 1849.

...ernor of the United States.

EL CONDE DE ALCOY.

DECLARATION OF WAR.

...the very unlawful piety of Havana, the 6th of August, ...ne thousand eight hundred and forty-nine, ...ne hundred and forty-sixth of Ibellion, captain of the royal ...rmy, and governor and captain general of ...is city, &c. &c. &c. In consequence of the High Will of ...e Most Excellent the royal person of Victoria Fernan...o (God protect and keep her), and having received ...ficial letters from him to know, was examined in the ...ll ...ng council, ...

...ng ...ed, at the end of last month, while in quo...ne, the Anti-Slavery Standard received offered him ...ver the universal liability of Havana, and ...ere not answered he said that Spain ...ould visited him, and asked him if he had come there ...ly and for form, and if he would return in the ...ne of the United States; in which he answered, ...e had come and was going for the purpose of ...ing sold. Being asked, if, in this declaration, he ...s frankly and truly, he replied he was; and ...ing asked if he had signed without fear, he ...d freely and truly. Being asked, if the same day, he had ...ne to the Captain General, and if they discovered there ...at he might return to the United ...es, and if he answered that he had come there ...ly sold by an individual whom he did not know, ...d who passed on a box which contained the ...ments in question, and that he was wrong not to accept the offer of ...e Campbell, for that he would fare badly; that this ...ld be known in the United States, and that a number ...ould write the letter which he was asked about ...e asked if he signed it as a citizen of the American ...ion or as a Spaniard? Yes; and that she was called the Andrew ...ell, and that he had signed without fear. Terrible! ...at when he said he signed without fear? Terrible, ...use he had there been during the quarantine ...ld not have been during the Many Pilots. Being ...ed if he had not been in the Many Pilots, he ...d he had indeed been in some here and what made ...e New Orleans, and that, in fact, he had ...ly abandoned him in that city, and ...ld completely will when said Fernando was to stay with...ne, and that he embarked on board the Mary Ellen, ...e asked if any force was used to put him on board ...e going; that d-pound feared yet greater poverty ...e evasion, and he embarked on board the Mary Ellen ...ing the evil sent to get rid of him and re-assist...n order that the Captain of the Andrew Jackson ...ld not be obliged to take (Fernando) had imported in the days of confidence. The deponent presented ...self to the Consul, who received him with courtesy, ...d the Consul told him that he would write to Havana ...e the matter, and that he would be set at liberty; ...t the Consul showed two letters from the political Se...etary in which pardon was refused to the deponent ...d that he had nothing to fear; that this and ...e expression of the Consul decided him to come; and ...e Consul told him that he would write to the ...ptain of the Andrew Jackson. Being asked if Narciso Lorenzo called on him about nightfall to...ether with several persons, and what was the object ...e visit, he embarked on board the Mary Ellen, ...d asked if any force was used to put him on board ...e Mary Ellen, and he answered that there had been ...y, he ...ing ...ed ...ed ...ed

Miscellany.

THE SON OF NAPOLEON.

The Duke of Reichstadt, as every body knows who is familiar with the history of Napoleon, was brought up at the Court of his grandfather, after the abdication of his father, and the return of his mother, Marie Louise, to Austria. The story of his life, as it is told in an article entitled "The Bonaparte Family" in a late number of the *North British Review* can hardly fail to be read with deep interest:

"Our readers are aware, when he came with his mother to reside at Schoenbrunn, the young Duke of Reichstadt spent the whole remainder of his life either there or at Vienna: only on one occasion, on a flying visit, he made a journey beyond the distance of a few miles. By his grandfather the Emperor, as well as by all the other members of the Austrian family, he seems to have been always treated with extreme kindness. After the departure of his mother for the Italian States he was committed to the care of various masters under the superintendence of Count Austrian nobleman of rank, the Count Maurice de Dietrichstein. Regarding his early education, only two facts of any interest are mentioned, viz. his excessive reluctance at first to learn German, which however, soon became more his own than French; and his fondness for historical reading, and especially for books relating to the career of his father. As a boy, he was, on the whole dull, grave and mirthless; but docile and affectionate.

The new life of his father's death, which occurred when he was ten years of age, is said to have produced a visible effect on him. It was evident, indeed, that the boy, young as he was, had been brooding in secret over the mystery of his own changed condition, and cherishing, as well as he could, the thought of its connexion with the extinguished being over the precincts of whose tomb he was allowed to worship. Every book that came in his way about his father he devoured with eagerness; and if he chanced to hear of the arrival of any one at Vienna who had had personal relations with the Emperor, he was uneasy till he had seen him. All this, to gratify his anxiety for information about his father, his tutors, at his grandfather's command, began to instruct him systematically in modern history and politics; commending from his nephew, says M. de Montbel, that could enlighten him as to the real course of his father's life, and to the causes of the abdication of Europe and only adding such comments and expositions as might make him aware, at the same time, in what points his father was to be reprehended. Perplexed by such lessons in history according to Metternich, the poor boy did his best to come to the right conclusion, and to express himself judiciously in his tutors regarding what he was taught to consider his father's errors and excesses. In all cases of feeling and instinct, however, his reverence for the memory of his father prevailed. The very last book that his father had read, such as Tasso and Ossian, became for that reason its favourites. His father's campaigns and dispatches he made a subject of diligent study, using them as the texts for his own military lessons. In short before he had attained his seventeenth year, he had read and re-read everything that had been written regarding Napoleon, and had fixed in his memory all the most minute particulars relating either to his military or his political life, the names of his generals his chief battles and the various countries in his long career, from his birth in Corsica to his burial in St Helena. One point in this great history he would dwell on with especial delight, and that was the amid universal acclamations, he himself had come into the world, the unconscious heir to a mighty empire.

This brooding on the past naturally assumed, as he grew up, the form of a restless anxiety, respecting the future. That he, the son of Napoleon, was no common person; that, as the heir of such a great name, superior actions and qualifications would be required of him; that in some way or other he must take part in the affairs of Europe—seems to be like a fact inevitably took possession of him. The pedantry of his teachers appears to have fostered it to an undue extent. If, for example, the poor youth contracted his admiration of Pope and Byron, his teachers were at hand to criticise the poet for him, and to reduce his opinion to the just shape and standard, lest he should commit a fault in his essays, or be the signal impropriety of exaggerated praise. If, again, he was seen to be falling in love with a lady of his grandfather's court, they were at hand to reason him out of the affair by considerations of what was due to his peculiar situation and his importance in the public eye. With this notion of the peculiarity of his position established before him from morning to night, he would go moping about the imperial court, an amiable youth the prey of unknown cares. And what, after all, were the peculiarity of his situation, except extreme insignificance? A pensioner, in the meantime, on the imperial bounty, ultimately the mere possessor of some Bohemian estates, (for his mother's second marriage in 1818 with the Count Neipperg having severed him from Italy still more completely than before,) dressed in uniform by the very un-Napoleonic of tailor-great a name, was there not a mockery in all his solicitude of which he found himself the object? Haunted, it would appear by some such feeling and yet carried away by the high-strung and yet restless sense that he must do something or other to merit his name, he seems to have grasped eagerly at the only chance of acting for which he was allowed to him—military promotion in his grandfather's service. Hence the assiduity with which he pursued his military studies, and the regularity with which he presented himself on the parade at all reviews and parades, the Viennese pointing him out to strangers on such occasions as the son of Napoleon. When at last, after going through the routine of duty, he was permitted by his grandfather to assume the rank and uniform of a lieutenant-colonel; his delight was unbounded. For about a year the poor youth appeared as the head of his regiment, giving the word of command; on the fourth he was laid aside with loss of voice and hoarseness.

There was one quarter of the political horizon, however to which the son of Napoleon would often wistfully look—that France to which he belonged; to which also living father had often said that he and such solemn injunctions that they should be true the one to the other; and where, even yet, there were myriads of Napoleonic heroes to whom he was the name of Bonaparte. His Austrian education had indeed isolated him from all means of direct communication with his native country, and had made him in many respects an alien to it; but still, at certain chords there were that no force could snap, and that still secretly bound him to France. "I know no one at Paris," he said to a French officer who was on the point of returning home after a visit to Vienna, "but salute for me the column in the Place Vendome!" On the other hand, if there was personally none who was unknown in the city that he knew only from the map, there were at least principles and men there that were ready to burst out in his behalf. So, at all events, it appeared when the Revolution of July, 1830, came to be transacted. Had the young Napoleon been in Paris, or near it, when that revolution occurred, how different might have been the issue! "Absent as he was," says Louis Blanc, "if an old general of the Emperor had but pronounced his name to the people, when Lafitte and Guizot were challenging for the throne of Orleans, Prince might have had a Napoleon II. instead of a Louis-Philippe." Some timid Bonapartist attempts, it appears, were actually made. In Paris the Bonapartists, who came in a meeting of the leading politicians with the name of the Duke of Reichstadt on his lips, was dexterously put down in a room of the Palais Royal by one voice. Communications were even conveyed to the Duke himself. When the news of the revolution reached Vienna, the young man could not conceal his agitation; he even requested it it said, in the flutter of the moment to be allowed to go to the assistance of Charles X. But with the news of the accession of Louis Philippe, other thoughts succeeded. One evening, as he was ascending a staircase in the imperial palace, a young woman, enveloped in a Spanish plaid, rushed forward from a landing place where she seemed to have been waiting, and tasting his hand pressed it eagerly to her lips. His tutor, who was with him, asked her business. "May I not kiss," she said, "the hand of my sovereign's son?" and immediately disappeared. For some time, the incident could not be explained, but at length no doubt remained that the fair stranger was his cousin, the Countess Camerani, a married daughter of his deceased aunt Bacchiochi. On a visit to Vienna, the Countess had constituted herself the medium of communication between the Bonapartists and her young cousin, to whom she even ventured, some months after the Revolution of July, to address a letter, encouraging him, even then, to secrecy and decided action. From these, and all overtures of the same kind, the poor youth seems to have shrunk with a kind of dutiful horror; and his excitement regarding the Revolution of 1830 soon subsiding into a calmer mood, he began, we are told, to write down, in the form of an essay, a series of very Austrian reflections on the dangers of the revolutionary spirit so much in fashion in France. Only once did his agitation return—on the occasion, namely, of the political movements in his mother's state of Parma. On the news of these movements reached Vienna, he was extremely anxious to be allowed to go to Italy to his mother's assistance; but neither on this occasion, nor on any, was he granted the very first indeed, it had been seen that the young Napoleon could not live long. Undoubted symptoms of the malady that had carried off his father so early presented themselves; and to these were added other symptoms, too clearly marking him out as the prey of consumption. From being a handsome, delicate boy, he had suddenly shot up, before his eighteenth year, into a tall, feeble, and sickly youth, presenting, to the anxious young man, the counsel of the imperial physicians. Towards the end of the year 1831, he became rapidly worse, and was obliged to abstain from all exertion whatever, and from all active exertion whatever. During the winter of that year, and the spring of 1832, he lived at Schoenbrunn, almost wholly confined to his chamber. In bed from, he could not sleep. Nights, should it be possible to do so, in the autumn of 1832; but the disease made such progress, that before that time, the dismal result had become clear. Many years seem to have been in great pain, and incapable of any change of position, save that of being wheeled to a window-bench, or vice versa. Nothing could be more touching. Even this was at last beyond his strength; and, stretched on his bed in great suffering, he waited anxiously for his release. Marie Louise arrived from Italy just in time to see him die. It was on the 22d of July, 1832, and in the very room that had been occupied by his father on his famous visit to Schoenbrunn after the battle of Wagram. Some days after, there was a funereal procession through the streets of Vienna, and the body of Napoleon's son was committed to the vaults of the Capuchin church of Vienna where his father's heart had been thinning their own households.

The following political *jeu d'esprit* is, as the saying is, too good to be lost, though too late for prophecy, and not altogether true as his history It was first published in the *Geneva Courier*, before of course, the recent Democratic Conventions at Rome, but did not come within our field of observation till a few days since:

GREAT NOVELTY.

To be performed on Wednesday, 15th instant, at Rome, a Tragi-comedy in 5 acts.

THE SPLIT SPLICED,

with divers performers, whose names will appear in the bills. The performances will commence with an overture by the orchestra, of the

"VAN BUREN DEAD MARCH,"

composed some six months since by Edwin Crowell. Front seats are reserved for the *elite* of the Kinderhook democracy.

N. B.—No seats for coloured citizens.

Rome. A Room in the Hotel. Enter CROWELL *and* MARCY.

Marcy.—Welcome, dear Crowsell, to my fond embrace.
How ardently I've longed to meet you here,
Dear in close contact to your manly heart,
Which beats as one with mine, like a mighty flood,
Have all our hopes and prospects overwhelmed:
Dewon the devil as well as the people,
And, gathering wisdom from our late mishaps,
Contrive by wind means we may best avert
Our final doom. Now sure our sinking ship,
Which, like a foundered craft, now floats at large,
Broken and rotten, on the swelling wave
And angry surge of the Democracy,

Crowsell.—Are both the sections of our party here?

Marcy.—Leaders and wire-pullers, are here in scores,
The people strangely seem to keep aloof,
Which is perhaps the better for our cause.

Crowsell.—How seem *their* leaders to affect this move?

Marcy.—I've sounded some of them, but yet far off,
Lest too plain speaking might commit our cause;
Until I can see which way
Our vane their movement, and deplore its end;
And now, like whipped spaniels, they implore
A wished-for crust. I've heard
Of our time-honoured Locofoco flock.
The want of office gluts them to the quick,
And yet they cannot bite the hand whose tongues
May charge their course with inconsistency,
If, after kissing Hunkers to the death,
They turn about and kiss the Barnburnites in their arms;
Therefore they say they need some solid ore
To bolster up their honour to their friends—
Some positive proof that they have not been
Disgraced before him from morning to night. He would go moping about the imperial court, an amiable youth the prey of unknown cares. And what, after all, were the peculiarity of his situation, except extreme insignificance? A pensioner, in the meantime, on the imperial bounty, ultimately the mere possessor of some Bohemian estates, (for his mother's second marriage in 1818 with the Count Neipperg having severed him from Italy still more completely than before,) dressed in uniform by the very un-Napoleonic of tailor-great a name, was there not a mockery in all his solicitude of which he found himself the object? Haunted, it would appear by some such feeling and yet carried away by the high-strung and yet restless sense that he must do something or other to merit his name, he seems to have grasped eagerly at the only chance of acting for which he was allowed to him—military promotion in his grandfather's service. Hence the assiduity with which he pursued his military studies, and the regularity with which he presented himself on the parade at all reviews and parades, the Viennese pointing him out to strangers on such occasions as the son of Napoleon. When at last, after going through the routine of duty, he was permitted by his grandfather to assume the rank and uniform of a lieutenant-colonel; his delight was unbounded For about a year the poor youth appeared as the head of his regiment, giving the word of command; on the fourth he was laid aside with loss of voice and hoarseness.

There was one quarter of the political horizon, however to which the son of Napoleon would often wistfully look—that France to which he belonged; to which also living father had often said that he and such solemn injunctions that they should be true the one to the other; and where, even yet, there were myriads of Napoleonic heroes to whom he was the name of Bonaparte. His Austrian education had indeed isolated him from all means of direct communication with his native country, and had made him in many respects an alien to it; but still, at certain chords there were that no force could snap, and that still secretly bound him to France. "I know no one at Paris," he said to a French officer who was on the point of returning home after a visit to Vienna, "but salute for me the column in the Place Vendome!" On the other hand, if there was personally none who was unknown in the city that he knew only from the map, there were at least principles and men there that were ready to burst out in his behalf. So, at all events, it appeared when the Revolution of July, 1830, came to be transacted. Had the young Napoleon been in Paris, or near it, when that revolution occurred, how different might have been the issue! "Absent as he was," says Louis Blanc, "if an old general of the Emperor had but pronounced his name to the people, when Lafitte and Guizot were challenging for the throne of Orleans, Prince might have had a Napoleon II. instead of a Louis-Philippe" Some timid Bonapartist attempts, it appears, were actually made. In Paris the Bonapartists, who came in a meeting of the leading politicians with the name of the Duke of Reichstadt on his lips, was dexterously put down in a room of the Palais Royal by one voice. Communications were even conveyed to the Duke himself When the news of the revolution reached Vienna, the young man could not conceal his agitation; he even requested it it said, in the flutter of the moment to be allowed to go to the assistance of Charles X. But with the news of the accession of Louis Philippe, other thoughts succeeded. One evening, as he was ascending a staircase in the imperial palace, a young woman, enveloped in a Spanish plaid, rushed forward from a landing place where she seemed to have been waiting, and tasting his hand pressed it eagerly to her lips. His tutor, who was with him, asked her business. "May I not kiss," she said, "the hand of my sovereign's son?" and immediately disappeared. For some time, the incident could not be explained, but at length no doubt remained that the fair stranger was his cousin, the Countess Camerani, a married daughter of his deceased aunt Bacchiochi. On a visit to Vienna, the Countess had constituted

And how, with filial and untiring zeal,
I chafed his aged temples with my hands,
Plied him with brandy, rubbed and rubbed him o'er
Till his reviving sense and opening eyes
Proclaimed that Martin was himself again.
He had yet even a sleigh to carry him home, and
All overtures of the same kind, the poor youth seems to have shrunk with a kind of dutiful horror; and his excitement regarding the Revolution of 1830 soon subsiding into a calmer mood, he began, we are told, to write down, in the form of an essay, a series of very Austrian reflections on the dangers of the revolutionary spirit so much in fashion in France. Only once did his agitation return—on the occasion, namely, of the political movements in his mother's state of Parma. On the news of these movements reached Vienna, he was extremely anxious to be allowed to go to Italy to his mother's assistance; but neither on this occasion, nor on any, was he granted

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Devoting himself now entirely to positive sciences, he retired to Bonn, where, unwilling to burthen the slender means of his father, he lived with the most rigid frugality, and studying in private a peculiar, chemistry, which, he thought, would lead to the discovery of new celebrity, who, brought to acknowledge that he could teach nothing further to his pupil, distinguished him by his friendship and patronage. The fortune was married to a lady of rare fortune, whose sister and co-heiress—a young person of considerable attractions and high connexion—quenched a flame which had its attachment to the youthful student, as to make him an offer of her hand. Instead of eagerly profiting, as was expected, by his good fortune, Gorgey declined the lady for his own part, and, as it appears, persuaded her to bestow her fortune and herself upon his friend, who, young, and had seen too little of the world to be able to judge of her own feeling sooner than he had, did not long after, to the astonishment of the whole circle of Vienna, it was quite unchanged, he should be proud to lead her to the altar. The parties, in the exposition of all concerned, were united in the happiest manner. Gorgey, she still distinguished Gorgey amid her numerous suitors; but he perceiving, or suspecting, that a point of honour was involved in the fulfilment of her engagement, relieved her from it by marrying a foreign lady, highly accomplished, but without fortune. Gorgey, filling, if not highly, the station of governess or companion in that very family.

The death of his father having taken place, Gorgey returned to Vienna, and, by his matrimonial connexion in the North of Hungary, where he was engaged in the working of mines his scientific acquirements, which he had studied at Bonn, and Hungary which brought the opposition into power. Some office in the mint being vacant, for which Gorgey conceived himself qualified by his knowledge of mineralogy, he applied for it through a friend to Kossuth.

Gorgey," Kossuth is said to have replied, "I have heard much of Gorgey, I cannot give him the appointment you require."

"But," persisted Gorgey's patron, "I assure you that his knowledge, talents, and political sentiments qualify him for the office."

"Enough," said Kossuth, "I cannot make the nomination you desire, because I destine him for another purpose. Gorgey on him, and on me, and before a twelvemonth is over my want him as minister of war."

The baffled intercessor, at first conceiving that Kossuth was in jest, retired, but from this period dates the advancement of this unsuccessful candidate.

When the Hungarian army, advancing to the relief of Vienna, became convinced, on the field of Swechat, of the treachery of its general, Mogs, it named Gorgey to the unanimous choice of the host, that appropriation by his fellow-soldiers on the battle-field, which the sequel showed to be just. Kossuth, who took a prominent part in the scene, and who, as we have seen, long previously in his cabinet, and may have mainly aided.

Gorgey, who through the Hungarian war has held the most distinguished rank, and obtained together with Bem the most decisive successes, shares with Bem the reputation of being the ablest leader of the Hungarian armies. This also has been proved by the invincible courage, and the conqueror of so many generals of routine, is, notwithstanding his youth, distinguished by exceeding caution, so that if results in the field, and not in the cabinet, be proofs of genius than from the adventurous impetuosity of Bem. the Hungarians intrust to him their main army, with the implicit belief that he will not risk a battle, or a position, or put the fortunes of his country on the hazard of a die, however tempting.—*The (London) Standard of Freedom.*

From The Spirit of the Age.

WILLIAM BLAKE'S POEMS.

MR. EDITOR: Every one who has read Allan Cunningham's Lives of the Painters, is familiar with the interesting sketch of William Blake. Cunningham was of too worldly a turn of mind to do justice to Blake's genius. Some of these for simple an natural pathos will never be surpassed. He who reads, however, must allow the author any amount of license with regard to the facts of Blake's history. I enclose you one of his poems, not by any means as a fair specimen of his muse, for it is not, but for its striking humanitary strain.

THE LITTLE VAGABOND.

Dear mother! dear mother! the church is cold,
But the ale-house is healthy and pleasant, and warm;
Besides I can tell when I am used well;
Such usage in heaven will never do well

But if at the church they would give us some ale,
And a pleasant fire our delight,
We'd sing, and we'd pray all the live-long day,
Nor ever once wish from the church to stray.

Then the parson might preach, and drink, and sing,
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring,
And modest dame Lurch be always at church,
Would not have bandy children,nor fasting,nor birch.

And God, like a father, rejoicing to see
His children as pleasant and happy as He,
Would have no more quarrel with the devil or the sea

Both

But kiss him and give him both drink and apparel.

It seems to me this curious *morceau* involves much useful truth, "The Little Vagabond" evidently contemplates the spasmodic "Sunday" religion, while the stomach is empty and the back uncovered. He does not mean to say that worship will be impossible in that state of things, but only enforced or valueless, and not to be heartily sung to the lark soars and sings in the morning"—thus the ragged little philosopher reasons—"it is from the inspiration of God that it sings, and not for a sixpenny gush of gratitude for the good breakfast God has given him. Line my crop, and feather my back every day like the lark's and I will give you both a hymn and a vesper's, to which the lark's shall be no parallel."

I agree with the clear-eyed little vagabond. True worship is always spontaneous, the offspring of a full, light and duty: and it cannot be spontaneous so long as the native passions or susceptibilities of the worshipper are unsatisfied. Why are Beranger's songs of worship so popular among all things in the recognition of His quality, or what is the same thing, in the hearty acknowledgment of His goodness; and this acknowledgment to be hearty must be based upon a previous *experience* of that goodness. While therefore my natural passions are only stintedly gratified—while I am only half of unsatisfied desire—I cannot worship God for what He is in Himself, or for His infinite goodness, because my inexperience of this goodness perpetually disqualifies me. Indeed worship (that is, worship in its true sense, but not with the heart, not from the exuberant sentiment of His perfect goodness, but chiefly from the inspiration of future good. Hence the *possible future* paralyses to me. I worship Him not for His great name's sake, but for my own sake. All this sort of worship consequently is none at all. Approach to it is stinted and poor, and not by God's fulness is it full of servility and adoration. It is destitute of enthusiasm or spontaneity. It proceeds upon an incomplete appreciation of the character of God, and not the senses; hence it is itself incomplete, proving often a burdensome insincerity to the flesh. Who does not feel this in himself? Who does not feel this worship is enacting? Who does not know the slumberous mist that gradually steals over heart and mind as the old routine faith begins to be heard upon a previous *experience* of that goodness. While therefore my natural passions are only stintedly gratified—while I am only half of unsatisfied desire—I cannot worship God for what He is in Himself, or for His infinite goodness, because my inexperience of this goodness perpetually disqualifies me. Indeed worship (that is, worship in its true sense, but not with the heart, not from the exuberant sentiment of His perfect goodness, but chiefly from the inspiration of future good. Hence the *possible future* paralyses to me. I worship Him not for His great name's sake, but for my own sake. All this sort of worship consequently is none at all. Approach to it is stinted and poor, and not by God's fulness is it full of servility and adoration. It is destitute of enthusiasm or spontaneity. It proceeds upon an incomplete appreciation of the character of God, and not

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From the Literary World.

HUMORS OF CHARLES LAMB.

Hitherto Unpublished.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

ELIA is so well known to the public that a description either of his person or manners would be a piece of "wasteful and ridiculous excess," or merely relate the bon-mots it was either our or good fortune to hear; him utter, or to find recorded in his intimates. In the memory of the great his intimates. In the memory of the great his intimates must be always borne in mind. Here and there word he uttered of an emphatic character or peculiarly heightened and coloured by the peculiarity of his manner that at the moment of the effect was complete. The hesitation in his speech, which in another would have been an abominable stutter, gave a force and point to his remark, which often rendered quite pointless when recorded. It seemed as though the current of thought were electrical. It seemed as though he paused like a finished actor at the emphatic point, and merely waited the power of the audience time and having gained perfect silence, to utter the thing to the very centre of a bullet-like word. With this prelude we at once introduce him to our readers:

I.

WINE AND WATER.

One very rainy evening when Lamb and a friend of his were enjoying that combination of spirit and water, a Beaumont and Fletcher in folio—his sister hegged Lamb to go and quiet their dog which in his kennel at the back of the house was howling in a doleful manner. He did so, and turned round to her and said, "Pray, my dear Mary, do let the poor beast howl outside as we are doing, inside his *Wine and Water.*"

II.

"CHEESE."

A Cheesemonger, who, having realized a large fortune, retired with a genteel wife and still genteeler daughter to enjoy the "otium cum dignitate" in the neighbourhood of Highgate, where he had a superb villa, was above all things most anxious to conceal from every one of his acquaintances that he had ever been engaged in trade at all—most particularly in so low a calling as that of "Cheesemonger." It was the canker in his blooming rose of life, and any allusion, however accidental, was received by him into a deadly and never to be forgiven insult.

In a large party at the house of the village clergyman, Coleridge, Lamb, and the author of these sketches, but one of them are of the solid order, they weighed the excellent qualities and graces of the sex together. "Now I know a young lady," said Lamb, "who has a lover who is a scholar, and an excellent preacher, but he is stranger, and will not be known to the subjects we are discussing." "True," said the daughter, who had "but I know she *is a young lady* of that description, and will be known to them when I am" and they walked Life's pilgrimage together

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The London *Morning Chronicle* thus sketches the author of "Vivian Grey," a political opponent of course:—"People may smile as they please at Mr. D'Israeli's books; but one of them are of the solid order, they weigh